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AUTHOR Bowdidge, John S.
TITLE Cloze Listening Test (Form Lisbon and Form Waco).
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NOTE 21p.; See related documents CS 201 320-375
AVAILABLE FROM Dr. John S. Bowdidge, Drury College, Springfield, Missouri 65802 (\$1.50 per form. Tests for administering forms \$25.00 per set, Form Lisbon, Form Waco)

EDRS PRICE MF-\$0.75 HC Not Available from EDRS. PLUS POSTAGE
DESCRIPTORS Cloze Procedure; *Educational Research; Language Arts; *Listening Comprehension; *Listening Skills; *Measurement Instruments; *Recall (Psychological); Research Tools; Resource Materials; Secondary Education

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ABSTRACT

Designed to measure recall of specific information, ability to grasp the thought of a passage as a whole, and ability to apply various contextual clues while listening to a passage of aural communication, each of the alternate forms of the cloze listening test consists of an audio tape recording of approximately twenty minutes duration and a four-page response form containing numbered lines on which responses are to be written. Validity, reliability, and normative data are included. [This document is one of those reviewed in The Research Instruments Project (TRIP) monograph "Measures for Research and Evaluation in the English Language Arts" to be published by the Committee on Research of the National Council of Teachers of English in cooperation with the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills. A TRIP review which precedes the document lists its category (Listening), title, author, date, and age range (secondary), and describes the instrument's purpose and physical characteristics.] (RB)

NCTE Committee on Research

The Research Instruments Project (TRIP)

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The attached document contains one of the measures reviewed in the TRIP committee monograph titled:

Measures for Research and Evaluation
in the English Language Arts

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CS 201366

Category: Listening
Title: Cloze Listening Test
Author: John S. Bowdidge
Age range: Secondary
Description of the instrument:

Purpose - To measure recall of specific information, ability to grasp the thought of a passage as a whole, and ability to apply various contextual clues--all while listening to a passage of aural communication; to measure ability to apply the limited number of contrastive units which identify the word patterns and the grammatical structures of English as spoken in the United States.

Date of construction - 1965; copyright 1967.

Physical description - Each of the alternate forms of the cloze listening test (Form Lisbon and Form Waco) consists of an audio tape recording of approximately twenty minutes duration and a four-page response form containing numbered lines on which responses are to be written. Administration of the test begins with the playing of the tape which contains first a narration of a short fictional episode (approximately ten minutes in length). Following the story, several extracts, or samples, from the narrative are read again by the voice on the tape. Several words are omitted from each sample. In the place of each omitted word a chime is heard. Subjects are instructed to write on their response forms (as they listen to the response section of the tape) each deleted word represented

by the sounding of a chime. Forty per cent of the narration is sampled in the response section of the tape. Selection of material for the samples and selection of nouns and main verbs to be deleted follows a pattern established by Taylor in 1957. For example, a sentence from the third sample of Form Lisbon is: "The hostess, a tall raven-haired beauty with long silver (chime) and a voice like a bass clarinet, (chime) Joe was (chime) way back in a corner where there was no (chime)."

Validity, Reliability, and Normative Data:

Normative data were derived by administering forms of the test to 636 subjects in ten "runs." Raw scores ranged from 0 to 60 with a possible high of 68. Means for the norming runs ranged from 21.64 to 35.22. Validity is claimed for the test first through ten curriculum specialists having made the judgment that the test materials were measuring ability to listen discriminatively to informative content as defined by the four objectives of the test (summarized under "Purpose" above and formulated with the aid of Bloom's Taxonomy). With a sample of 107 subjects, scores on Form Lisbon correlated .72 with scores on the Brown-Carlson Listening Comprehension Test, Form Am, Part E--Lecture Comprehension. With a sample of 46 subjects, scores on Form Lisbon correlated .79 with I.Q. scores determined by the Terman-McNemar Test of Mental Ability, Form C. Reliability coefficients for the ten norming runs, computed

through the Kuder-Richardson formula 20, ranged from .83 to .96. With a sample of 83 subjects, scores on Form Lisbon correlated .92 with scores on Form Waco. With an additional sample of 130 subjects, correlation between the forms was .87. Both forms of the cloze listening test were administered to 1,089 high school students in a 1965 field experiment in which they served as pretest and posttest.

Ordering Information:

EDRS

Tapes for administering the alternate forms are available for \$25.00 per set (Form Lisbon, Form Waco) with response forms available at nominal fee from the author at 2017 S. Oak Grove Avenue, Springfield, Mo., 65804.

Related documents:

Bowdidge, John S. "The Influence of Tape-Recorded Listening Lessons and 'Listening-Motivation' Bulletins upon the Listening Ability of High School Students." Unpublished copyrighted doctoral dissertation, University of Missouri-Kansas City, 1967.

Taylor, Wilson L. "Cloze Readability Scores as Indices of Individual Differences in Comprehension and Attitude," Journal of Applied Psychology, Vol 41, No. 1, 1957, pp 19-26.

CLOZE LISTENING TEST

1. Typed manuscripts of spoken material on audio recording tapes of Form Lisbon and Form Waco.
2. Reproductions of Listening Test Response Forms for each of the alternate forms of the instrument.

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FORM LISBON

TRANSCRIPTION OF AURAL MATERIAL ON LISTENING TEST TAPE

In just a moment you will hear a short story. Following the story you will be tested. Please do not turn up your test paper until told to do so. Now, the story.

The Atlantic makes a northeastward incision into the west coast of Portugal. Lying just inside this cut is Lisbon. The inlet leading from Lisbon to the sea is lined up perfectly. Of an evening, when the sun drops into choppy Atlantic waters, its dying rays ride up the inlet to shine on the capital city. And, somehow or other, Lisbon sunsets are spectacular--Matisse in scarlet, azure and gold.

One of these displays was just fading that Thursday last November when Joe Satango came walking down the narrow sidewalk that runs in front of my shop. Through the impeccably-dressed dummies in the windows I saw him pass, carrying that extra large attache case which accompanied him only on Thursdays. We waved. He was moving downhill toward the bay, and the sun's very last gold shown in his glasses.

I'd always kind of wondered what he had in that case.

My last customer was just leaving, wearing a new fedora we'd ordered for him from Italy. It was closing time, wasn't it? Why not follow Joe and maybe solve the mystery of the Thursday case. This would be the night I would have trouble with the door. The rainy season had enlarged the door--or had it shrunk the doorway?

When I reached the foot of the hill, I saw Joe a block to the south. He was just crossing the street and entering the park along the bay. I picked up my step. I wanted to catch him before he lost himself in the trees--and darkness was rolling in quickly.

Instead of going right to the water's edge to stroll as the lovers do, Joe walked parallel to the bay, heading, apparently, for the Zantaya theater whose long strings of white bulbs lit up the south end of the park. He left the park, crossed the street, and stepped right up to the box office. He leaned in close and nervously said something to the woman selling tickets. She nodded affirmatively and Joe was off again.

He turned into the quiet street that borders the side of the theater. Halfway down the block, he crossed over and descended into one of those candle-light cafes our city is famous for.

The hostess, a tall, raven-haired beauty with long silver nails and a voice like a bass clarinet, said Joe was sitting way back in a corner where there was no candlelight. He sat there every Thursday, she said with a "now-isn't-that-strange" expression. Every other night he took a table close to the cashier and chattered like a magpie with his waitress. The dark corner was for Thursdays only.

I took a table which allowed me to peer in the direction of the darkness from which Joe would eventually emerge. I was eating soup when he did. That is how I spilled those noodles on my tie. Joe did not see me. He placed some change in the cashier's hand and slipped out. I did the same.

When I got up to the street, Joe was gone. I ran, terribly excited now, to the front of the theater. There he was at the box office again--this time clutching that case as if he expected someone to grab it at any moment. The ticket woman pointed to the head usher at the door. Joe went to him, mumbled a word or two and stepped inside. I had to buy a ticket if I intended to follow. I did.

There were four aisles running through the audience area. Joe took the last one. He walked noiselessly along the wall in the darkness. An American movie with Alan Ladd was playing on the screen. Joe walked through a passageway marked "Exit" and took some carpeted stairs winding upward. I, of course, followed. The stairs led right into the manager's office. I was there before I was aware. I was cornered. Joe and the manager looked quizzically at me. What could I say? I blurted something about looking for the men's lounge. They gave me directions. I left.

I found a seat close to the front and sat to watch the movie. But my mind wasn't on the picture. Here I was in a theater when I should have been home with my wife and two sons. Had I really let the case of Joe's get me in this predicament? Was I ruled by my curiosity? Was I a step away from insanity?

I did know, though, that if I could find out the secret of Joe's Thursday nights, I'd feel better. I would be cured--as far as this particular curiosity was concerned.

The only way to satisfaction would be to wait for Joe to come down the stairs. I could meet him in the lobby, say a few things about the weather, then ask him. So I kept my seat. It was a comfortable seat. The day at the shop had been a long one--I was thoroughly relaxing.

My wait was a short one. Joe came skipping down the stairs--carrying that cursed attache case. I crossed over to one of the center aisles, ran to the lobby and confronted Joe when he came out. As gently as possible I put the query to him. He was silent. He showed no emotion--but hit me in the face with the case and fled. I was dazed for a moment then dashed out into the wet streets after him. The light rain which had dampened Lisbon was still coming down. But my pursuit slackened not. Joe was reversing his route of earlier in the evening. It was back through the park, a block beyond, then up the hill to my shop. I was starting up the hill when through the drizzle I saw Joe throw the case through my plate-glass window. I heard the crash. He would pay for that. My longer legs began to catch up with my chubby friend. At the top of the long pull, there was a plaza paved with bricks. In the center stood a beautiful Florentine fountain. It was there I caught up. I lurched forward in a clumsy tackle--and caught Joe's little feet. He fell. He lay sprawled motionless on the slick bricks. Was it his heart? Was he dead? Did I kill him? This was no time to linger around the fountain.

I ran down to the shop, unlocked the sticking door, and, once inside, kept down out of sight. The case was in the center of the floor. I pried it open. It was filled with fedoras with my label inside. The dirty thief had stolen my stock. The police will hear about--the police--I killed a man.

The moment I vocalized the words, I felt a hand on my shoulder--the police. The hand shook me, then shock me again. It was the head usher. The house lights were up; the movie was over. "Where's Joe Satango," I asked. "Oh, he left about an hour ago. He and the boss get together every week to work on their stamp collections."

I walked out into the street.

The light rain which had dampened Lisbon was still coming down.

That is our story.

Now, will you please turn over your test paper. Please write your name in the space provided in the upper right-hand corner. In the next few minutes,

seven samples from the story will be read to you. Some words have been deleted from each sample. In place of a deleted word you will hear a tone, like this _____.* When you hear the tone you are to write the appropriate word in the proper space on your paper. By "appropriate word" is meant the exact word used in the story. The exact word should be used whenever possible. Please pay close attention. The next four points hold the key to a complete understanding of this testing procedure.

First, a tone, like this _____, represents one and only one word. Second, each numbered blank on your test response form should be filled in with one and only one word. Third, if you think one tone lasts longer than another, it is purely human error on the part of the musician playing the tone. All tones should be of equal length. If, by some chance, you hear a tone which seems to be longer than the others, the extra length has no significance. And fourth, there is a numbered blank on your form for each tone. For example, on the right half of the first page is Trial Sample B. There are fourteen blanks in that sample. While that sample is being read to you, you will hear fourteen tones.

Now, for practice, let's do Trial Sample A on the left half of your first page. When you hear a tone, like this _____, you are to write the deleted word (represented by the tone) in the space on your paper. Here is Trial Sample A.

George Washington, when a boy, cut down his father's _____ tree. George Washington was the first president of our _____. George _____ a lady named Martha Custis. They became husband and _____. In the four blanks of Trial Sample A you should have "cherry" for number one, "country" for number two, "married" for number three, and "wife" for number four.

On the right half of the first page is Trial Sample B. It contains several lines from the story you have just heard. Trial Sample B will perhaps give you a much better idea of what is expected of you when we start the test. Here is Trial Sample B. I took a _____ which allowed me to peer in the _____ of the darkness from which Joe _____ eventually emerge. I _____ eating soup when _____ did. That _____ how I spilled those _____ on my tie. Joe _____ not see me. _____ placed some change in the cashier's _____ and slipped out. I _____ the same. When I _____ up to the street, Joe _____ gone. I ran, terribly excited now, to the _____ of the theater.

If you fell behind, don't worry. You'll find that you'll get better and better with each sample. And this was only a trial sample. In the spaces you should have written as follows: 1. "table" 2. "direction" 3. "would"--spelled W-O-U-L-D 4. "was" 5. "he" 6. "is" 7. "noodles" 8. "did" 9. "he" 10. "hand" 11. "did" 12. "got" 13. "was" and 14. "front."

Make every effort to keep up, but if you fall behind keep writing words anyway without regard to the numbers on the blanks. Now, let's take the test. Please turn to page 2.

On the left-hand side of page 2 are eight blanks for the first sample. Here is the first sample. The Atlantic makes a northeastward _____ into the west coast of Portugal. Lying just inside this cut is _____. The inlet leading from Lisbon to the _____ is lined up perfectly. Of an _____, when the sun drops into choppy Atlantic _____, its dying rays ride up the _____ to shine on the capital city. And, somehow or other, Lisbon sunsets _____

* -- A "D"-chime tone is represented in this transcription by a blank, _____.

_____ spectacular--Matisse in scarlet, _____ and gold. That was the first sample.

The fourteen blanks of the second sample are on the right half of your second page. Here is the second sample. This would _____ the night I _____ have trouble with the _____. The rainy season had _____ the door--or had _____ shrunk the doorway? When _____ reached the foot of the _____, I saw _____ a block to the south. He was just _____ the street and entering the _____ along the bay. I _____ up my step. I _____ to catch him before he _____ himself in the trees--and _____ was rolling in quickly. That was the second sample. Now turn to page three.

Nine blanks for the third sample are found on the left half of page three. This is the third sample. The hostess, a tall raven-haired beauty with long silver _____ and a voice like a bass clarinet, _____ Joe was _____ way back in a corner where there was no _____. He sat there every _____, she said with a "now-isn't-that-strange" _____. Every other night he _____ a table close to the cashier and _____ like a magpie with his waitress. The dark _____ was for Thursdays only. You have now completed the third sample. Let's move on to the fourth.

Eleven blanks for the fourth sample are found on the right half of page three. Here is the fourth sample. I had to buy a _____ if I intended to follow. _____ did. There were four _____ running through the audience area. _____ took the last one. _____ walked noiselessly along the wall in the _____. An American movie with Alan _____ was playing on the _____. Joe walked through a _____ marked "Exit" and took some carpeted _____ winding upward. I, of course, followed. The stairs _____ right into the manager's office. That was the fourth sample. Now, turn to page four.

On the left half of page four are eleven blanks for the fifth sample. Here is the fifth sample. I would _____ cured--as far as this particular curiosity _____ concerned. The only way to _____ would be to wait for _____ to come down the stairs. I could meet _____ in the lobby, say a few _____ about the weather, then ask _____. So I kept my _____. It was a comfortable _____. The day at the shop _____ been a long one--_____ was thoroughly relaxing. That was the fifth sample.

Fourteen blanks for the sixth sample are found on the right half of page four. Here is the sixth sample. I heard the _____. He would _____ for that. My longer legs _____ to catch up with my chubby friend. At the top of the long _____, there was a plaza _____ with bricks. In the center _____ a beautiful Florentine fountain. It _____ there I caught up. _____ lurched forward in a clumsy tackle-- and _____ Joe's little feet. He _____. He lay sprawled motionless on the slick _____. Was it his _____? Was he _____? Did I _____ him? That was the sixth sample.

Just below the spaces for the sixth sample is the one space for the seventh sample. Here is the seventh sample. He and the boss _____ together every week to work on their stamp collections.

This concludes the test. Please turn back to page one and be prepared to hand in your paper. Thank you very much.

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LISTENING TEST RESPONSE FORM

Date _____

Trial Sample A

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Trial Sample B

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____
13. _____
14. _____

First Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____

Second Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____
13. _____
14. _____

Third Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____

Fourth Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____

Fifth Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____

Sixth Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____
13. _____
14. _____

Seventh Sample

1. _____

FORM WACO

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TRANSCRIPTION OF AURAL MATERIAL ON LISTENING TEST TAPE

In just a moment you will hear a short story. Following the story you will be tested. Please do not turn up your test paper until told to do so. Now, the story.

The Brazos river makes a jagged safari through northern Texas. Lying somewhere along its western bank is Waco. Probably the most beautiful scene I know can be witnessed by standing across the river from this Texas town just as the sun is falling into the plains behind Waco. The few buildings of the town become silhouettes against a sky looking like technicolor, with its amber, crimson, and violet.

Day was ending in this fashion that Tuesday back in the spring when I rode into town at a slow trot headed for the Dixie hotel and a good night's rest. I was about a block from the hotel when I heard two shots and saw a slim stranger race across the porch of the hotel, jump on his horse and ride away. The manager came out screaming, "Stop that man," and fired a shot in the air. I took up the chase. Maybe I could catch the stranger before he got out of town.

Little did I realize then the time that would be spent in this pursuit.

And I started the chase completely uninformed as to what crime the slim stranger had committed. I had automatically supposed it was murder. But it could have been robbery, cheating at cards, or cattle rustling. I felt sure, though, that if I brought Slim in, I'd be a hero in that town. So I rode on at full gallop.

At first, I was right behind him, then he began to open the gap. I lost more ground when he fooled me at the edge of town. I had expected him to ride right straight down the main street and then out onto the trail leading westward. Instead, at the edge of town he cut across to the alley that runs behind the buildings on the main street and headed back in the direction from which we'd just come. Down the alley I began to gain on him and I had hopes of stopping him before night totally enveloped us.

At the end of the alley, he did ride out of town and then over the bridge crossing the Brazos. The land around Waco is mostly pretty flat and I could see that Slim was riding due east. I think we rode three or four miles in a straight line before he began to get away from me. It was now pitch dark and I followed him only by the clouds of dust that he left hovering over the trail.

I noticed that gradually these dust clouds were getting thinner and then they vanished altogether. I had lost Slim.

Nothing could be gained by riding on. I now had no idea of what directions to take. So I got down out of the saddle and gave my horse a rest in preparation for the trip back to town. I wiped the dust from my face--and as I pulled my red handkerchief across my brow, it seemed to me that a speck of light flickered briefly in the distant darkness. I pulled down my handkerchief and watched. It flickered again. Someone had lit a campfire straight ahead. This was worth investigating.

A light in open country on a dark night can be seen for miles. And it's extremely difficult to estimate the distance to one. Regardless of how far away this one might be, I didn't dare gallop toward it for fear of giving myself away. So I walked my horse toward the fire.

I think we walked over a mile. When I could smell the boiling coffee, I knew we were close enough. I tied the horse to a small tree and crawled noiselessly in. I got as near to the campsite as common sense would allow. I was lying on my stomach. There were four men seated around the fire. One of them was--Slim. Never

in my life have I tried so hard to hear what someone was saying. The four were talking about the large cattle drives they had been on. Then the subject changed to women and there was a fierce discussion on who was the prettiest girl in Waco. Slim had a lot to say about Rodeo competition and how his brother starred in a rodeo out at El Paso. The small talk went on and on without one word being said that would shed any light on what Slim had done in Waco. I guess I could have walked in and told Slim to come along with me to the jail. But the three other men looked mighty wicked and I wasn't anxious to get myself shot. The four talked on and I waited, listening.

I was deathly quiet. Then I was aware of a slight tickling sensation on the end of my nose. It felt kind of good. The feeling spread and my nostrils began to quiver. My nose felt that mildly irritating burn that comes when you sniff pepper. I knew I was going to sneeze. And sneeze I did--so that everyone in the county could hear me. In an instant, four cowpokes were standing over me with guns drawn. This was the end for me.

These men who were experts at calf roping had me tied up in a matter of seconds. They did their job so perfectly that I could hardly breathe. They rolled me like a log over to the fire. They nonchalantly retook their places around the fire and sipped what remained of their coffee. But this time their topic of conversation was what should be done with me. Hanging was suggested. Slim recommended roasting me on the fire. The fat cowhand was in favor of an "accidental" fall over a steep cliff. And his idea was roundly applauded by the group.

This meant a long ride to the north to find a steep cliff. Just two of the men would accompany me on my final journey. Slim would be staying at the campsite. He walked over to me and drawled, "Well, pardner, I'm kind of sorry the way things turned out. Do you have one last wish?"

"Yes I do, Slim. I'd like to know just what you did in that hotel back in Waco."

And Slim answered, "Same thing I've been doing for years there until I got caught tonight. I'll show you." And he lighted a lantern and held it over a large trunk close to the fire. He lifted the lid. Inside were several hundred white towels--each marked with the words, "Dixie Hotel." This was his crime.

I don't remember anything about my trip to the cliff. When we got there, I was untied so that my fall would appear to be an accidental one. The fat cowhand and his buddy picked me up and threw me over. I remember landing on the ground below.

Immediately, two men came running down the steps of the hotel to pick me up. One of them said to me, "You must have fallen asleep in the saddle. You must be tired."

So it was all a dream.

A little later, in my room, I washed up for supper. The soapy water in my face was so refreshing. Then I wiped my face with a white towel--marked with the words, "Dixie Hotel."

That is our story.

Now, will you please turn over your test paper. Please write your name in the space provided in the upper right-hand corner. In the next few minutes, seven samples from the story will be read to you. Some words have been deleted from each sample. In place of a deleted word you will hear a tone, like this _____. When you hear the tone you are to write the appropriate word in the proper space on your paper. By appropriate word is meant the exact word used in the story. The exact word should be used whenever possible. Please pay close attention. The next four points hold the key to a complete understanding of this testing procedure. First, a tone, like this _____, represents one and only one word. Second, each numbered blank on your test response form should be filled in with one and only one word. Third, if you think one tone lasts longer than another, it is purely human error on the part of the musician playing the tone. All tones should be of

equal length. If, by some chance you hear a tone which seems to be longer than the others, the extra length has no significance. And fourth, there is a numbered blank on your form for each tone. For example, on the right half of the first page is Trial Sample B. There are thirteen blanks in that sample. While that sample is being read to you, you will hear thirteen tones. Now, for practice, let's do Trial Sample A on the left half of your first page. When you hear a tone, like this _____, you are to write the deleted word represented by the tone in the space on your paper. Here is Trial Sample A.

Legend has it that Davy Crockett shot a _____ when he was only three. Davy lived his early years in a _____ cabin. Davy _____ far and wide over this continent. His name is almost always mentioned in _____ books. In the four blanks of Trial Sample A, you should have written bear for number one, log for number two, traveled for number three, and history for number four.

On the right half of the first page is Trial Sample B. It contains several lines from the story you have just read. Trial Sample B will perhaps give you a much better idea of what is expected of you when we start the test. Here is Trial Sample B.

I now had no _____ of what direction to take. So I _____ down out of the saddle and gave my _____ a rest in preparation for the _____ back to town. I _____ the dust from my face--and as _____ pulled my red handkerchief across my _____, it seemed to _____ that a speck of light _____ briefly in the distant darkness. I _____ down my handkerchief and watched. _____ flickered again. Someone _____ lit a campfire straight ahead. _____ was worth investigating.

If you fell behind, don't worry. You'll find you'll get better and better with each sample. And this was only a trial sample. In the spaces you should have written as follows: 1. idea, 2. got, 3. horse, 4. trip, 5. wiped, 6. I (the capital letter), 7. brow, 8. me, 9. flickered, 10. pulled, 11. it, 12. had, 13. this.

Make every effort to keep up, but if you fall behind, keep writing words anyway without regard to the numbers on the blanks.

Now, let's take the test. Please turn to page 2. On the left-hand side of page 2 are eight blanks for the first sample. Here is the first sample.

The Brazos river makes a jagged _____ through northern Texas. Lying somewhere along its western _____ is Waco. Probably the most beautiful _____ I know can _____ witnessed by standing across the river from this Texas _____ just as the sun is _____ into the plains behind Waco. The few _____ of the town become _____ against a sky looking like technicolor, with its amber, crimson, and violet.

That was the first sample. The eleven blanks of the second sample are on the right half of your second page. Here is the second sample.

I had automatically _____ it was _____. But it could _____ been robbery, _____ at cards, or cattle rustling. _____ felt sure, though, that if I _____ Slim in, I would _____ a hero in that _____. So I rode on at full gallop. At first, _____ was right behind him, then _____ began to open the gap. _____ lost more ground when he fooled me at the edge of town.

That was the second sample. Now turn to page three. Nine blanks for the third sample are found on the left half of page three. This is the third sample.

I think _____ rode three or four miles in a straight _____ before he began to get away from _____. It was now pitch dark and _____ followed him only by the _____ of dust that he _____ hovering over the trail. I _____ that gradually these dust clouds were _____ thinner and then they vanished altogether. _____ had lost Slim. Nothing could be gained by riding on.

You have now completed the third sample. Let's move on to the fourth. Thirteen blanks for the fourth sample are found on the right half of page 3. Here is the fourth sample.

So I walked my _____ toward the fire. I _____ we walked over a _____. When I could _____ the boiling coffee, I _____ we were close enough. _____ tied the horse to a small _____ and crawled noiselessly in. I _____ as near to the campsite as common sense _____ allow. I _____ lying on my stomach. _____ were four men seated around the _____. One of them _____ Slim. Never in my life have I tried so hard to hear what someone was saying.

That was the fourth sample. Now turn to page four. On the left half of page four are twelve blanks for the fifth sample. Here is the fifth sample.

I was deathly quiet. Then _____ was aware of a slight tickling sensation on the _____ of my nose. It _____ kind of good. The feeling spread and my _____ began to quiver. My nose _____ that mildly irritating burn that comes when _____ sniff pepper. _____ knew I _____ going to sneeze. And sneeze _____ did--so that everyone in _____ could hear _____. In an instant, four cowpokes _____ standing over me with guns drawn. This was the end for me.

That was the fifth sample. Thirteen blanks for the sixth sample are found on the right half of page four. Here is the sixth sample.

Just two of the men would _____ me on my final journey. _____ would be _____ at the campsite. He _____ over to me and drawled, "Well, _____, I am kind of sorry the way _____ turned out. Do _____ have one last wish?" "Yes _____ do, Slim. _____ would like to know just _____ you did in that _____ back in Waco." And Slim _____, "Same thing I _____ been doing for years there until I got caught tonight."

That was the sixth sample. Just below the spaces for the sixth sample, are the two spaces for the seventh sample. Here is the seventh sample.

One of them said to _____, "You must have _____ asleep in the saddle. You must be tired." So it was all a dream.

This concludes the test. Please turn back to page one, be sure your name is on your paper, and be prepared to hand in your paper. Thank you very much.

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LISTENING TEST RESPONSE FORM

Date _____

Trial Sample A

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Trial Sample B

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____
13. _____

First Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____

Second Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____

Third Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____

Fourth Sample

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
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11. _____
12. _____
13. _____

Fifth Sample

1. _____
2. _____
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12. _____

Sixth Sample

1. _____
2. _____
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4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____
13. _____

Seventh Sample

1. _____
2. _____